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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed paper in English language, the largest weekly paper for the State, with interesting reading, editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in the other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to the publisher.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 203, Order Sons of St. George—Perry Jeffry, President; Fred Itall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEST, No. 18, Knights of America—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COUNT WAXTON, No. 607, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Hunter; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David Melton, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss H. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OGRES LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burdidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Davy, Recorder. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays.

MALONE LODGE, No. 16, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Katie G. Curley. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REEDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancery Warden; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Knight Captain, William H. Langley; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder. Meets 1st Friday.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 162—Robert H. Munro, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening action was taken on the petition of O. H. P. Belmont for the closing of certain roads near his residence. The decision by the board was in the nature of a compromise, permission being given to close certain roads but not others. The matter was talked over by the members in executive session after the open meeting and it was nearly an hour before the members emerged and the action taken was announced.

At the public hearing given on this petition some weeks ago there were strenuous objections raised to the closing of the lower end of Coggeshall avenue and accepting in place thereof a new road offered by Mr. Belmont. Good arguments were advanced against it and residents of the neighborhood showed how much they would be inconvenienced thereby, but no strong arguments were advanced against the closing of the other roads. Therefore after the members of the board had thoroughly discussed the matter that part of the petition regarding the closing of Coggeshall avenue was refused and the rest was granted.

The weekly, monthly and quarterly pay rolls were approved. Claims for damages done by dogs to cows of Albert Lawrence and John Sherman were ordered paid after some discussion. A petition for improvement to Gardiner street was referred to the street commissioner for an estimate. A petition for improvements to Freebody street was received. The street commissioner reported that the cost of improving Whitfield court would be \$1,629. On recommendation of the street commissioner Mayor Clarke was directed to consult with the Middletown authorities to see if they would assist in the widening of the bridge at Easton's Beach. The matter of the standing of the dispute about the bills of the Newport Water Works was brought up and Mayor Clarke stated that the matter will be placed in court at once.

The Newport Coal Co. have held a guessing contest on a load of coal that has stood at the upper end of the wharf for some days. On Thursday the load was weighed and was found to amount to 6040 pounds. Mrs. Johnson of Spring wharf had registered a guess of 5650 pounds and she was awarded the coal as having made the closest estimate of the weight.

The chemical engines of the fire department were kept busy on Saturday and Sunday responding to alarms for small fires in connection with Christmas trees and decorations.

A Host of Candidates.

The first meeting of the representative council for organization and election of city officers will occur one week from next Monday and it is expected that the session will be an interesting one. Last year the first meeting lasted until about two o'clock in the morning and even then the council adjourned without transacting all the business that might properly have come before it, referring the matter of election of minor officers to the board of aldermen. It is not likely that such action will be taken again as the council will probably keep its business in its own hands.

The council will meet at noon on Monday and at that time will effect its organization by the election of a president and city clerk. It seems the general opinion now that President William P. Sheffield, Jr., and City Clerk Francis N. Fullerton will be elected to succeed themselves, although there will probably be opposing candidates for both offices. After organization and the administering of the oath of office to the Mayor, board of aldermen and the new members of the representative council, Mayor Clarke will deliver his second inaugural address. It is rumored that the inaugural will be full of city affairs and that the mayor will discuss public matters without gloves. It is very likely that after hearing the mayor's inaugural the council will adjourn until evening to transact the rest of the business of the first session, although of course it has a right to sit continuously until the business is completed.

The evening session is likely to be a very strenuous one. There will be the usual resolutions preparatory for conducting the city affairs for the year, but the principal interest will center in the election of officers. There is reason to believe that there will be just as many candidates for the various offices as there were last year and in addition there will be three members of the board of license commissioners to be chosen, the candidates for those positions being almost innumerable. As this is a new board provided for by the new city charter and which becomes effective only on the first of January, there is the matter of salaries to be fixed and three members to be elected for one, two and three years respectively. As the duties will not be very arduous it is not expected that the salaries will be very large, the sum of \$300 per year having been mentioned by a number of members of the council as a reasonable compensation for the work to be done. Even at that price there are a host of candidates.

For city treasurer there will probably not be any serious opposition to the present incumbent, John M. Taylor. For street commissioner, J. K. Sullivan will probably be opposed by at least one other and possibly there will be others, as there were last year. For city solicitor there will probably be other candidates but it is believed that Clark Burdick will be re-elected. There has been several names mentioned in connection with the office of judge of probate, which is now held by John C. Burke, but if the probate clerk is willing to remain in his present position he will probably be re-elected. John M. Friend is the retiring member of the board of tax assessors this year and will probably be a candidate for re-election but there are several other candidates for this office.

The ordinance relative to a clerk to the board of assessors will be taken up at the meeting and what the action will be cannot be foretold. Many are wondering whether this will have any effect on the office of collector of taxes, a position now held by Henry W. Cozzens, and for which there are several candidates. The retiring member of the board of health (for 5 years) is Robert Frame, and of the board of rewards (for 4 years) is Joseph S. Lawton.

The members of the representative council are being flooded with circulars setting forth the qualifications of the many candidates for the various offices and in addition personal solicitation is being used freely. It is no slight task for a candidate to properly get the attention of all the members of so large a body and, consequently, more electioneering has to be done than under the old charter.

Before the election of officers comes up at the council meeting the matter of salaries will be considered and very likely there will be some lively debating on this subject. At a recent meeting a special committee was appointed to consider the question of salaries, with reference to the amounts paid in other cities, and to report to the full body.

Take it all in all the first meeting of the year is very likely to be a very interesting one but also very long.

The chemical engines of the fire department were kept busy on Saturday and Sunday responding to alarms for small fires in connection with Christmas trees and decorations.

Christmas Day.

Wednesday was an ideal day for Christmas, clear and warm for the time of year. While a little snow would perhaps have made the day seem a little more typical of this great Christian holiday there were probably few persons who really regretted its absence unless it were the boys and girls who wished to try the new sleds that Santa Claus brought.

The day was passed very quietly in this city and on the streets it looked just like Sunday. There were many family reunions and there must have been lots of gifts exchanged for most of the stores report a very large Christmas trade and the post office found the heaviest volume of business for many years. There were special services in the churches and they were generally well attended. There were Christmas celebrations at the Newport Hospital, at the Newport Asylum and other public institutions. The poor were by no means forgotten on Christmas. It is probable that more dinners and other substantial gifts were distributed among the poor of Newport this year than ever before and no one who was willing to accept the well meant efforts was allowed to go hungry.

The members of Newport Lodge of Elks made the most generous distribution of good cheer, sending articles to over 350 families. At least two baskets with all the fixings for a turkey dinner were sent in nearly every case and in some instances coal and other necessities were also distributed among the needy. Great wagons were sent out the day before Christmas piled high with their loads of good things and each wagon was accompanied by a member of the order to take charge of the distribution. More than \$1000 was raised for this purpose and of this amount all was spent for the purchase of supplies, not a cent being spent for the labor or expense of collecting and distributing the large quantity of supplies. Many a family that would otherwise have had a very plentiful Christmas was made happy through the unselfish efforts of the Elks. In addition to their distribution the Charitable Organization and other societies also looked after the needs of many of the poor of the city.

Many of the Sunday Schools connected with the various churches have held Christmas trees for the benefit of the children this week, Thursday having been a popular day for such celebrations. The Christmas tree at the home for Friendless Children was given on Thursday afternoon, and many of the ladies connected with the institution were present as well as a number of special guests. There were songs and recitations by the children, followed by a distribution of gifts from the tree.

William Crooke, a great-grandson of Francis Malbone, died at the Newport Hospital on Monday after a short illness. When he was taken ill he was employed as bookkeeper at George P. Lawton's, but previously he had been engaged in a similar capacity with Alex. N. Barker & Co. He had had a wide experience in banking firms of Boston and New York, having begun his banking career in the old Traders' Bank of this city under the late Benjamin Munford. He was the only son of the late Dr. William Crooke and with his death came the end of that branch of the family.

The handsome Jewell piano, valued at \$400, which was given away by James H. Barney, Jr., & Co., was drawn for on Christmas eve, the drawing being conducted by Mr. John P. Peckham and representatives of the local newspapers. There was a large number of coupons in the can and after they had been thoroughly mixed up the number 0832 was drawn out, and the piano was claimed on Friday by Mrs. A. Silverman, 33 Poplar street.

Rev. James Mahon, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood this week. On Sunday evening a reception was tendered to him by his parishioners in Hazard Memorial Hall, with an interesting program and a large attendance. On Monday Father Mahon celebrated a solemn high mass before a large congregation.

Lawyer Peckham reports sale of lot on Franklin street to W. W. Pickard; lot on Malbone Road to P. H. Walsh, and on Main street to Thomas Roffin and E. K. Graham, and on Almy court to Hass.

Mr. Frederick B. Coggeshall has gone to Joliet, Ill., to visit his daughter, Mrs. Hamilton King. Mrs. Coggeshall has been guest of her daughter for some time.

Mr. Henry A. O. Taylor through the death of a brother has lately received a million and a half to add to the some forty millions he is supposed to already possess.

Admiral Luce Replies.

A highly sensational article having appeared in a New York paper attributing to Admiral Luce certain opinions unfavorable to our latest type of battleships, the editor of McClure's Monthly wrote to the Admiral asking if the "Interview" expressed his views correctly. Admiral Luce promptly returned the following reply:

15 FRANCIS STREET.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 24, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. MCCLURE:

In reply to your esteemed favor of 21st asking if the "Interview" which appeared in the New York Press of 21st "expresses my views with accuracy," I hasten to assure you that it does not. Far from it. I never have said, nor do I believe, that our "battleship fleet is fatally defective." On the contrary, I believe it to be a fleet of which the American people may justly proud.

Your representative, who kindly placed in my hands an advanced copy of the article "The Needs of Our Navy," by Mr. Henry Reuterdale (McClure's for January), left me before I had time to read it. While talking with him, I had no idea I was being subjected to an "interview" for publication.

My contention is that the Navy Department is not organized on sound business principles. The plan of administering the affairs of such a large navy as we now have by means of eight autonomous bureaus is conducive neither to economy nor efficiency, the two prime factors of sound naval administration. One may be permitted to condemn a system without in the slightest degree impugning the high character of the components of that system—the several bureaus.

The further we get away from the fact that the navy is a strictly military body, the more we impel inefficiency. The larger the navy grows, the greater the demand for economy. It is quite safe to say that were due regard paid to naval expenditures, enough money might be saved whereby to rehabilitate our mercantile marine, a matter in which the Navy is concerned with the country at large is so deeply concerned.

I beg you will oblige me by giving this letter the publicity accorded that "Interview" and thus correct the false impression conveyed by those "grave heads" in your issue of 21st.

Very truly yours,

S. B. Luce, U. S. N.

Christmas Observance.

Washington Commandery Observes Christmas Day in an Appropriate Manner.

Christmas day at noon, following their regular custom, the members of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and their ladies assembled in their Asylum to the number of some two hundred, and responded to the toast of the Grand Master of all the Templars in this country, Rev. Henry W. Rugg of Providence. The sentinel to the Grand Master was:

"To our Most Eminent Grand Master, Henry Warren Rugg; With the love, respect and cordial support of 172,000 Joyal Sir Knights." To which the Grand Master sent the following response:

"To all Knights Templars: Greeting and Good Wishes: May we together hear and heed the Christian message of love and service. May our beloved order of Christian chivalry express in the lives of all true Soldiers of the Temple the principles and teachings of Him whose advent brought the new gospel of life and happiness to men! The sentiment of this joyous season is the soul of TEMPLAR—love and service—the watchword of our strong brotherhood. Let us pledge ourselves anew to our honored institution, which witnesses to the wisdom, the faith and the works of its founders, and is today a blessed minister of fellowship and cheer, a mighty force in the work of the world, and a potent factor in its advancing civilization."

The Eminent Commander of Washington Commandery, Albert A. Sison, presided and gave a brief opening address. Responsive readings from the Scriptures were conducted by the Prelate, Rev. Sir Robert S. Franklin. Prayer was offered by the Assistant Prelate, Rev. Aquilla Webb. Music was rendered by quartette consisting of Miss Cora Gosling, Mrs. H. H. Smith, Messrs. A. B. Commerford and N. Thomas Hodson, with Mrs. Bowler as accompanist. Responses were made by Rev. E. John P. Sanborn for the Grand Master, E. Robert S. Franklin for the Grand Commandery, Sir Herbert W. Luli for the Grand Lodge of Masons, Sir Robert Frame and Rev. Aquilla Webb for the ladies, and E. Sir Overton G. Langley. The affair was a very pleasing one from beginning to end and brought together a large representation of Knights Templar and their ladies.

The new cold storage plant of the independently owned ice company will be entirely ready by one week from today. Rapid progress is being made and the plant will be ready for use by the middle of April.

Mr. George H. Sherman, who is staying at Kingston, R. I., for the benefit of his health, is very much improved and will return to his home here next week.

Mr. Henry Bell returned from New York Thursday evening feeling in excellent condition following the operation which was performed at Dr. Bell's hospital.

Recent Deaths.

George S. Slocum.

Mr. George S. Slocum, one of the best known residents of Newport, died at his home on Green street on Thursday after a considerable illness. His health had been failing for some months and within the last few weeks his condition had steadily grown worse. He was about sixty-eight years of age.

Although Mr. Slocum was born in Fall River much of his life had been spent in Newport and for nearly forty years he had looked upon this city as his home. When a young man he had travelled much, working in widely different places and even as his years advanced he had not ceased his active life until failing health compelled him to relinquish business cares in the last few weeks.

He was a machinist by trade, and a capable and ingenious man. He was never so happy as when working out some new idea of his own, or improving on some one's invention. His little machine shop here was a favorite resort for his friends where they found him always ready to talk about any subject under the sun. He was of a very companionable and genial nature and had a host of friends. He was familiar with affairs on the Isthmus of Panama, where he worked many years ago, and was always ready to tell of his adventures in South America and other remote parts of the world.

Mr. Slocum had secured a number of patents for meritorious articles and he had ventured along unknown paths in machinery designing, which others had taken up and subsequently perfected. He was a member of Woonsocket Shassit Tribe of Red Men and of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P. He was one of the founders and formerly the commander of the Newport Yacht Club, an organization in which he always retained a deep interest. He is survived by a widow, but no children.

Wedding Bells.

WILCOX-LINDSAY.

Miss Annie E. Wilcox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wilcox, of this city, and Dr. Gordon Lindsay, were quietly married at the Incarnation Chapel, in New York, on December 16th in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends, Rev. Henry C. Dyer, D. D., officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Estelle Rangel, of this city, and Mr. William G. Lindsay, brother of the groom, acted as best man. A wedding luncheon was served at Martin's immediately after the ceremony.

Although the big battleship fleet which is on its way to the Pacific will not be in these waters next summer, Narragansett Bay will be no means deserted. It is now the plan of the Navy Department to have the largest fleet of torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines in the history of the navy rendezvous in the waters of Narragansett Bay for practice during the spring and summer of 1908. There will be about fifty torpedo boats and destroyers and the first and second flotilla of submarines, all under the command of Commander Charles G. Marsh. There will be an elaborate programme of drills for both day and night and the officers and crews will find enough to keep them busy all summer. Such practice should greatly increase the efficiency of these little vessels.

Mr. Albert Bryer has returned from Formosa to spend a few months with his family in this city. He will start back for the Far East some time in March.

IN THE FOG

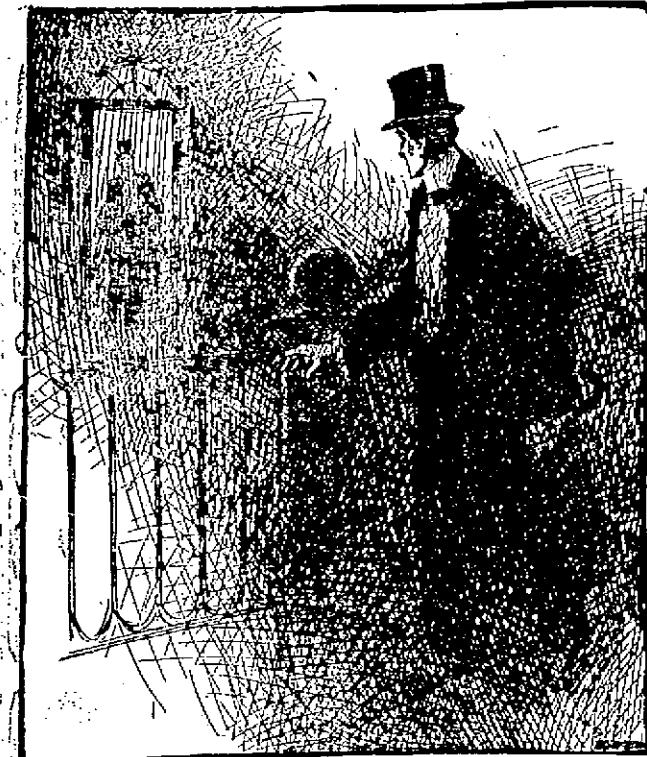
BY

Richard Harding Davis.

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CHAPTER I—CONTINUED

"As I felt my way along the wall, I encountered other men who were coming from the opposite direction, and each time when we clashed each other I stepped away from the wall to make room for them to pass. But the third time I did this, when I reached out my hand, the wall had disappeared, and the further I moved to find it the further I seemed to be sinking into space. I had the unpleasant conviction that at any moment I might step over a precipice. Since I had set out I had heard no traffic in the street, and now, although I listened some minutes, I could only distinguish the occasional footfalls of pedestrians. Several times I called aloud, and once a jocular gentleman answered me, but only to ask me where I thought he was, and then even he was swallowed up in the silence. Just above me I could make out a jet of gas which I guessed came from a street lamp, and I moved over to that, and, while I tried to recover my bearings, kept



"A SQUARE OF LIGHT SUDDENLY OPENED IN THE NIGHT."

my hand on the iron post. Except for this flicker of gas, no larger than the tip of my finger, I could distinguish nothing about me. For the rest, the mist hung between me and the world like a damp and heavy blanket.

"I could hear voices, but I could not tell from whence they came, and the scrape of a foot moving cautiously, or a muffled cry as some one stumbled, were the only sounds that reached me."

"I decided that until some one took me in tow I had best remain where I was, and it must have been for ten minutes that I waited by the lamp, straining my ears and hearing distant footfalls. In a house near me some people were dancing to the music of a Hungarian band. I even fancied I could hear the windows shake to the rhythm of their feet, but I could not make out from which part of the compass the sounds came. And sometimes, as the music rose, it seemed close at my hand; and again, to be floating high in the air above my head. Although I was surrounded by thousands of householders, I was as completely lost as though I had been set down by night in the Sahara Desert. There seemed to be no reason in waiting longer for an escort, so I again set out, and at once bumped against a low iron fence. At first I believed this to be an area railing, but on following it I found that it stretched for a long distance, and that it was pierced at regular intervals with gates. I was standing uncertainly with my hand on one of these when a square of light suddenly opened in the night, and in it I saw, as you see a picture thrown by a biograph in a darkened theater, a young gentleman in evening dress, and back of him the lights of a hall. I guessed from its elevation and distance from the sidewalk that this light must come from the door of a house set back from the street, and I determined to approach it and ask the young man to tell me where I was. But in fumbling with the lock of the gate I instinctively bent my head, and when I raised it again the door had partly closed, leaving only a narrow shaft of light. Whether the young man had re-entered the house, or had left it, I could not tell, but I hastened to open the gate, and as I stepped forward I found myself upon an asphalt walk. At the same instant there was the sound of quick steps upon the path, and some one rushed past me. I called to him, but he made no reply, and I heard the gate click and the footsteps hurrying away upon the sidewalk.

"Under other circumstances the young man's rudeness, and his recklessness in dashing so hurriedly through the mist, would have struck me as peculiar, but everything was so distorted by the fog that at the moment I did not consider it. The door was still as he had left it, partly open. I went up the path, and, after much fumbling, found the knob of the door-bell and gave it a sharp pull. The bell answered me from a great depth and distance, but no movement followed from inside the house, and although I pulled the bell again and again I could hear nothing save the dripping of the mist about me. I was anxious to be on my way, but unless I knew where I was going there was little chance of my making any speed, and I was determined that until I learned my bearings I would not venture back into the fog. So I pushed the door open and stepped into the house."

"I found myself in a long and narrow hall, upon which doors opened from either side. At the end of the hall was a staircase with a balustrade which ended in a sweeping curve. The balustrade was covered with heavy Persian rugs, and the walls of the hall were also hung with them. The door on my left was closed, but the one nearer me on the right was open, and as I stepped opposite to it I saw that it was a sort of reception or waiting-room, and that it was empty. The door below it was also open, and with the idea that I would surely find some one there, I walked on up the hall. I was in evening dress, and I felt

I did not look like a burglar, so I had no great fear that, should I encounter one of the inmates of the house, he would shoot me on sight. The second door in the hall opened into a dining-room. This was also empty. One person had been dining at the table, but the cloth had not been cleared away, and a flickering candle showed half-filled wine-glasses and the ashes of cigarettes. The greater part of the room was in complete darkness.

"By this time I had grown conscious of the fact that I was wandering about in a strange house, and that, apparently, I was alone in it. The silence of the place began to try my nerves, and in a sudden, unexplainable panic I started for the open street. But as I turned, I saw a man sitting on a bench, which the curve of the balustrade had hidden from me. His eyes were shut, and he was sleeping soundly.

"The moment before I had been bewildered because I could see no one, but at sight of this man I was much more bewildered.

"He was a very large man, a giant in height, with long yellow hair which hung below his shoulders. He was dressed in a red silk shirt that was belted at the waist and hung outside black velvet trousers which, in turn, were stuffed into high black boots. I recognized the costume at once as that of a Russian servant, but what a Russian servant in his native livery could be doing in a private house in Knightsbridge was incomprehensible.

"I advanced and touched the man on the shoulder, and after an effort he awoke, and, on seeing me, sprang to his feet and began bowing rapidly and making deprecatory gestures. I had picked up enough Russian in Petersburg to make out that the man was apologizing for having fallen asleep, and I also was able to explain to him that I desired to see his master.

"He nodded vigorously, and said, 'Will the Excellency come this way? The Princess is here.'

"I distinctly made out the word 'princess,' and I was a good deal embarrassed. I had thought it would be easy enough to explain my intrusion to a man, but how a woman would look at it was another matter, and as I followed him down the hall I was somewhat puzzled.

"As we advanced, he noticed that the front door was standing open, and with an exclamation of surprise, hastened toward it and closed it. Then he rapped twice on the door of what was apparently the drawing-room. There was no reply to his knock, and he tapped again, and then timidly, and cringing subserviently, opened the door and stepped inside. He withdrew himself at once and stared stupidly at me, shaking his head.

"She is not there," he said. He stood for a moment gazing blankly through the open door, and then hastened toward the dining-room. The solitary candle which still burned there seemed to assure him that the room also was empty. He came back and bowed me toward the drawing-room. 'She is above,' he said; 'I will inform the Princess of the Excellency's presence.'

"Before I could stop him he had turned and was running up the staircase, leaving me alone at the open door of the drawing-room. I decided that the adventure had gone quite far enough, and if I had been able to explain to the Russian that I had lost my way in the fog, and only wanted to get back into the street again, I would have left the house on the instant.

"Of course, when I first rang the bell of the house I had no other expectation than that it would be answered by a parlor-maid who would direct me on my way. I certainly could not then foresee that I would disturb a Russian princess in her boudoir, or that I might be thrown out by her athletic bodyguard. Still, I thought I ought not now to leave the house without making some apology; and, if the worst should come, I could show my card. They could hardly believe that a member of an Embassy had any designs upon the hat-rack.

"The room in which I stood was dimly lighted, but I could see that, like the hall, it was hung with heavy Persian rugs. The corners were filled with palms, and there was the unmistakable odor in the air of Russian cigarettes, and strange, dry scents that carried me back to the bazaars of Vladivostock. Near the front windows was a grand piano, and at the other end of the room a heavily carved screen of some black wood, picked out with ivory. The screen was overhung with a canopy of silken draperies, and formed a sort of alcove. In front of the alcove was spread the white skin of a polar bear, and set on that was one of those low Turkish coffee tables. It held a lighted spirit lamp and two gold coffee cups. I had heard no movement from above stairs, and it must have been fully three minutes that I stood waiting, noting these details of the room and wondering at the delay, and at the strange silence.

"And then, suddenly, as my eye grew more used to the half-light, I saw, projecting from behind the screen as though it were stretched along the back of a divan, the hand of a man and the lower part of his arm. I was as startled as though I had come across a footprint on a deserted island. Evidently the man had been sitting there since I had come into the room, even since I had entered the house, and he had heard the servant knocking upon the door. Why he had not declared himself I could not understand, but I supposed that possibly he was a guest, with no reason to interest himself in the Princess's other visitors, or perhaps, for some reason, he did not wish to be observed. I could see nothing of him except his hand, but I had an unpleasant feeling that he had been peering at me through the carving in the screen, and that he still was doing so. I moved my feet noisily on the floor and said tentatively, 'I beg your pardon.'

"There was no reply, and the hand did not stir. Apparently the man was bent upon ignoring me, but as all I wished was to apologize for my intrusion and to leave the house, I walked up to the alcove and peered around it. Inside the screen was a divan piled with cushions, and on the end of it nearer me the man was sitting. He was a young Englishman with light yellow hair and a deeply bronzed face. He was seated with his arms stretched out along the back of the divan, and with his head resting against a cushion. His attitude was one of complete ease. But his mouth had fallen open, and his eyes were set with an expression of utter horror. At the first glance I saw that he was quite dead.

"For a flash of time I was too startled to act, but in the same flash I was convinced that the man had met his death from no accident, that he had not died through any ordinary failure of the laws of nature. The expression on his face was much too terrible to be misinterpreted. It spoke as eloquently as words. It told me that before the end had come he had watched his death approach and threaten him.

"I was so sure he had been murdered that I instinctively looked on the floor for the weapon, and, at the same moment, out of concern for my own safety, quickly behind me; but the silence of the house continued unbroken.

"I have seen a great number of dead men; I was on the Asiatic Station during the Japanese-Chinese war. I was in Port Arthur after the massacre. So a dead man, for the single reason that he is dead, does not repel me, and, though I knew that there was no hope that this man was alive, still for decency's sake, I felt his pulse, and while I kept my ears alert for any sound from the floors above me, I pulled

THE NEWPORT MERCURY: FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 28, 1907.

THE LAW AGAINST KILLING.

Deep Rooted Feeling Against Murder

Exists in Most Animals.

There is a deep rooted feeling against murder in most animals. Their senses tell them that this is one of their own race and their instinct that therefore it is not lawful prey. Newborn rattlesnakes will strike instantly at a stranger of any other species, but never at one of themselves. I have seen a young mink, still blind, suck at a mother cat till fed, then try to kill her. Though a bloodthirsty creature, it would never have attacked its own mother.

Wild animals often fight for the mastery, usually over a question of mates, but in virtually all cases the fight is over when one yields. The vanquished can save himself either by submission or by flight. What is commoner than to see the weaker of two dogs disarm his conqueror by groveling on the ground? The victor in a fight between two cats is satisfied when the foe flies; he will not pursue him twenty yards. In either case had the enemy been of another race the victor would have followed and killed him.

What makes the difference? Obviously not a reasoned out conclusion, but a deep instinctive feeling—the recognition of the unwritten law against unnecessarily killing one's own kind.

There are doubtless exceptions to this. Cannibalism is recorded of many species, but investigation shows that it is rare except in the lowest forms and among creatures demoralized by domestication or captivity. The higher the animals are the more repugnant does cannibalism become. It is seldom indulged in except under dire stress of famine. Nothing but actual starvation induced Nansen's dogs to eat the flesh of their comrades, although it was offered to them in a disguised form. Experience shows me that it is useless to bait a wolf trap with a part of a dead wolf. His kinsmen shun it in disgust unless absolutely famished.

Obviously no race can live by cannibalism, and this is instinctively recognized by all the higher animals. In other words, the law against murder has been hammered into them by natural selection and so fully established that not only will they abstain from preying on one of their own tribe, but will rally to rescue one whose life is threatened. The fact that there are exceptional cases does not disprove the law among beasts any more than among men.—Ernest Thompson Seton in *Century*.

Not That Kind.

"What is your occupation?" asked the police justice.

"I'm a matchmaker, your honor," answered the prisoner, a seedy hobo who had been run in for vagrancy.

"No levity in this court!" thundered the justice.

The prisoner drew a ragged coat sleeve across his eyes.

"Your honor wounds me deeply," he said, "by misunderstanding me. I'm not in a matrimonial bureau. I make matches—the kind your honor sarapes on your honor's pants leg when your honor lights a cigar."

"My friend," said his honor, leaning forward and regarding him benignantly. "In this age of specialized industry, to say nothing of labor saving machinery, it is not likely that any man produces a complete match, ab initio or de novo, as we say in Latin. You probably split the wood into chunks suitable for the machine. We have no matchmaking plant at the workhouse, but I will endeavor to see that your muscles do not suffer from lack of their accustomed exercise. You will pound stone for the next thirty days!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Book of Job.

A story told of Carlyle in an English review forcibly recalls the days when in England religious services were long enough to test the zeal of the worshippers.

According to the story, Carlyle had been asked to take the reading at funerals, prayers during a short visit paid to his friend, the provost of Kirkaldy. The Bible chanced to open at the first chapter of the book of Job, and Carlyle immediately became absorbed in his subject and read on and on to the end of the last chapter, when, closing the volume, he remarked:

"That is a marvelous lifelike drama, only to be appreciated when read right through."

It is fair to infer that it was appreciated for once. Any one who has taken a long, solitary afternoon and attempted to give the book of Job an opportunity to be appreciated by reading it honestly through at one sitting can realize the consternation of the provost. Such a one will not be likely to wonder with Carlyle why he was not asked again to assist at family prayers in that household.

Why Hollow Trees Live.

In forests and private parks one may often witness the remarkable sight of a very old tree, with a trunk consisting of nothing but a hollow shell, and yet bearing branches that are covered with foliage. It would seem to be impossible that the dry bark, in some cases only held together by an iron band, could go on producing leaves year after year in the manner in which it does. The explanation, however, is quite a simple one. In very young trees the sap carrying portion is in the center. It is a series of bundles of minute cellular tubes, scientifically known as "vascular bundles." As the tree gets older this series of bundles forms a ring which gets bigger and bigger as the circumference of the tree increases. In course of time the center withers and decays, since it is no longer needed to supply the branches with nourishment.

—London Graphic.

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

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In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 1818 House Telephone 1010

Saturday, December 28, 1907.

It is said that the winter crops throughout the West are unusually good which will help on the prosperity of the country.

Bryan has at last got into the United States Senate, and his name is William J. too, but not the William Jennings. This one is William J. Bryan of Florida who has just been appointed a Senator. The Governor had meanwhile appointed Senator Quay but the Senate had refused to admit him. That State therefore was represented by only one Senator for the entire session.

One district in Mexico contains 800 dead volcanoes. A map of it would serve as a diagram of the Democratic party when Bryan gets ready to drop it about the year 1930, says an exchange. It is barely possible that the party may drop him before that time.

New York people think there is now nothing in the way to prevent the nomination of Gov. Hughes for the Presidency. One leading politician of that State declares that his nomination is sure. Still it is a long way off till the 16th of next June and candidates are still numerous.

The famous Tom Lawson of Boston is going to form a new political party and elect Roosevelt President of the United States whether he wants it or not. He is not to be consulted, what "Tom" says must go. When he gets this job done he will undertake to revolutionize the entire world.

Admiral Evans and his blue-jackets are having the time of their lives at Trinidad. The Governor has feasted them and the people have entertained them. The place has been one grand holiday since the fleet arrived. This is probably only a foretaste of what it will be at every port at which they call.

The big tunnel through College hill, Providence, is more than half completed and it is expected by April that people may be able to walk through to the shores of the Seekonk without hindrance. Before 1908 comes, the New Haven people expect to have trams running through this big bore, and then Newport expects to have better facilities for getting back and forth between this city and Providence.

Providence would seem to be an unsafe city to live in. The day after Christmas several daring robberies were reported in the papers. In many places hours that had been left vacant for the day or longer by the occupants were sacked by the thieves and much of value taken. The residence of Frank E. Ballou in the Elmwood district was entered and something over seven hundred and fifty dollars worth of jewelry and silver ware was taken.

One per cent, a month paid monthly is about thirteen per cent, a year. That would seem to be a pretty large rate of interest to pay, but a concern in Providence calling itself the Workingmen's Loan Association, which boasts among its directors Robert H. I. Goddard, Rathbone Gardner and other such men, is charging that paces to poor people who are obliged to pledge their fortune and household goods as security. There would not seem to be much philanthropy in that rate of interest.

The Rhode Island cities were pretty "dry" Wednesday, licensing authorities having ordered the saloons to remain closed in all the cities except in Pawtucket, where the license commissioners made a request instead of issuing an order. But the liquor dealers complied with it, and Christmas was made a true holiday for many people. So successful has this "dry" movement been that it is pretty sure that Christmas will be that kind hereafter in the cities.

The closing of the doors of the Union Trust Co., in Providence caused an immense amount of trouble and inconveniences to say nothing about the suffering to people in that city, and any plan that will succeed in opening the doors again for business will be hailed with pleasure. The various committees that have been considering the plan for opening the banks have come to a unanimous verdict and it is up to the court to sanction the plan, and the stockholders to furnish the money to do it with. The plan provides for payment of deposits of \$100 or less in full, of which there are 14,000, 50 per cent, of Trust Funds upon recompensation, balance in negotiable certificates. Other depositors 10 per cent, upon recompensation, 70 per cent, in deferred certificates payable at intervals covering 31 years or in new stock and 20 per cent, in contingent certificates—stockholders to give up stock and receive deferred stock certificates—\$500,000 new stock for the depositors to subscribe to.

Stuyvesant Fish expects to make his future home in Chicago if he regains control of the Illinois Central Railroad and purposes to run the Illinois Central from Chicago, making it an absolutely independent property, unaffiliated with Wall street.

The Rhode Island Dartmouth Club will hold its annual meeting and dinner at the Unity Club rooms Providence on Friday evening, January 17, 1908. An exceptionally fine programme is being arranged for that evening. Some have claimed that as the

General Assembly last year began the job and didn't finish it, the work must be taken up where they left it, and proceed the first day of the session to ballot in Joint Assembly. They forget that the work of the Assembly for 1907 is finished, and the Assembly is dead. A new body takes up the unfinished job, and must begin all over again.

There is ample precedent for this. In 1899, March 4, the term of service of Matthew C. Quay as Senator from Pennsylvania expired. The legislature of that State which met the first of January that year adjourned on April 21, having failed to elect his successor. The legislature of that State meets only once in two years. The new legislature came in on January 1, 1901, and on January 15, which was the second Tuesday after the organization, they proceeded to elect a United States Senator. The Governor had meanwhile appointed Senator Quay but the Senate had refused to admit him. That State therefore was represented by only one Senator for the entire session.

There has been no difference of opinion in the minds of Senator Wetmore's friends as to the date of voting for United States Senator. Neither was the question raised by them even remotely. The whole matter originated with the Goddard party and was fostered and enlarged by the Goddard organ in the State.

Need of Dry Docks.

We published some time since Congressman Granger's bill calling for a committee to report on the necessity of constructing a new dry dock somewhere on the Atlantic coast. The following taken from the N. Y. Tribune in reference to the dangerous condition of the Brooklyn dry docks makes it evident that something should be done and at once. Eminent naval authority informs us that the Brooklyn dry docks are founded on quicksands and that no amount of labor will make them safe. There is as we have said before no place on the entire Atlantic coast so well adapted for big dry docks as Narragansett Bay. The Tribune says: The Navy Department is in receipt of some information concerning dry docks Nos. 2 and 3 at the Brooklyn navy yard. The latter dock is in condition which requires constant vigilance to see that it does not become impaired to such an extent as to be worthless. It looks badly, the concrete facing is badly cracked, and portions of it are missing. Both docks would be placed out of commission if it were possible to do so, but it will be three years before Dock No. 4 is ready for use. This is the dock on which work has been suspended since August, 1906, because it could not be determined whether the contractor should be relieved from his obligations to the government. This was accomplished within a week or two, and bids have been invited for completing the structure. It is not expected there will be any bids, for the reason that the risk of completing the dock is a great one, and is not likely to be sought by contractors who understand the situation. The work of dock building at the New York Navy Yard has been hazardous to all contractors, and costly to some of them. There have been great delays in doing the work on account of the uncertainty of the foundation. It is this element also which gives the officials much concern in regard to the two docks which are now in use. They are being repaired and put in condition so as not to place in jeopardy the ships which are docked there. Instructions have been given to observe the situation when required.

General Prosperity.

Last month the exports of the United States were the largest in the history of the country. They amounted to \$291,000,000, the monthly average last year having been \$160,000,000, and this was a record. Much is said of the \$100,000,000 in gold drawn from Europe during the last six weeks, but our exports for the single month of November amounted to twice as much. While the crops of 1907 showed some falling off in quantity, their value in the markets of the world is greater than ever before. The country's present production on the farms and in manufactures and mining is \$25,000,000,000 a year, and it would be strange if a people capable of developing such a business should be unequal to the details of carrying it forward on an orderly and fairly remunerative basis. In the whole groundwork of American industries there is no indication of a failure in material resources. Crops have been good for a long succession of years. When this important fact is analyzed it is seen that results in American agriculture have constantly grown surer. The intelligent methods of our farmers overcome difficulties that formerly took the shape of "bad years." None has occurred lately, nor is any indicated. This is a large country, and in farming has risen above local perils of season.

Not a crack is seen anywhere in the foundation, says an exchange. What is it, then, that caused the recent flurry? There has been a deficiency in the currency, to some extent due to hoarding, but Congress is in session and can apply a speedy remedy. In order to prevent runs by the panic-stricken, the banks took some unusual measures to protect themselves and depositors, but the banks have proved themselves, with extremely few exceptions, to have assets far beyond what they owe.

General prosperity is indicated, and, in the opinion of many, assured. The new year is near, and the outlook is essentially favorable. Between Congress and the winter, exports and the returning stream of gold, the supply of currency will soon be ample. Its stable value was settled in the great political contest of ten years ago. The great bulk of the country's activities is in the form of legitimate, tangible values. Corporate affairs are under close legislative scrutiny. The finances of the government, and the great enterprises it has in hand, are in excellent shape. "American prosperity can not be killed," says a prominent financier. Moreover, nothing seriously wrong can be discovered in fundamental conditions. Under the searchlight they are seen to be thoroughly sound. Instead of indulging in pessimism, the duty is to go forward with confident faith in the country's vast resources, in the honest fiber and capacity of the people, and in their power, under representative institutions, to apply suitable correctives when required.

General Assembly Prospects.

It is two weeks from to-day that the general assembly of Rhode Island will organize for the new civil year. Among the very first duties will be the election of numerous state officers, including sheriffs and judges and clerks of the district courts. Later will come the duty of electing a member of the United States Senate, a duty which should have been completed a year ago, but which was not for reasons well understood. Then will come the duty of presenting to the people a line of promised legislation which is of great importance to the state. A law providing for oversight of the savings institutions in the state, which has been prepared by a commission appointed for that purpose, will be among the most important matters to come before the body and the law should be enacted without unnecessary delay.

A resolution proposing an amendment to the state constitution giving the veto power to the governor, should be considered at an early date, and the privilege of both parties to provide for a greater representation in the general assembly for cities and larger towns should follow at once. If the general assembly attends to these matters with the promptness that the people expect, the members will win for themselves and for their parties commendation, and will also have the privilege of returning to their homes at a date which may seem early for some, but which will be for the advantage of everybody. [Westerly Sun, ex-Gov. Utter's paper.]

Capron's Restort.

Adin B. Capron, the Rhode Island Republican champion, met Thomas W. Hardwick, the young Georgia orator, at the Army and Navy Club the other evening and promptly got into a red hot debate on the expansive subjects of prosperity, finance, tariff, and about every other item of real or alleged difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties. Finally Mr. Capron put in a clincher.

"I won't undertake to say," he declared, "that God is a member of the Republican Party, but he is a mighty good friend of it."

"Aud of course the Republican Party is responsible for the great crops?" scoffed Hardwick.

"Well," drawled Capron, "the Democrats couldn't prevent 'em."

"Ladies" called the president of the afternoon whilst club—"ladies, it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?"

"I suggest that we discuss it while we play," piped a shrill voice from table A, and the suggestion was adopted.—Glynnland Page Dealer.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm in favor of these diggings, and I'm for law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."

Washington Matters.

Secretary Taft's Presidential Boom Improves—Corte's Withdrawal is Pleasing—Speaker Cannon Reorganizes Committee—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., December 21, 1907.

Secretary Taft returned to this country just in time to find a remarkable improvement in the conditions attending his presidential boom, most of which has occurred during the trip across the Atlantic. The Secretary comes back filled with enthusiasm for the progress which is being made in the Philippines, the increase of the conservative spirit among the people, their greater amenability to governmental control, their increased interest in governmental affairs, and their augmented prosperity. Beginning with his arrival in New York, Mr. Taft has received a continuous ovation and friends and strangers, statesmen and private citizens have extended the heartfelt congratulations on the great work he has done in promoting harmony between the United States and Japan, in increasing the friendly regard for this country in China, in exerting a restraining and salutary influence on the Philippines. Mr. Taft is looking in the best of health and says he has neither gained nor lost in weight during his trip. His first evening in Washington he spent with the President who had laid aside a great number of matters on which to consult his Secretary of War. Almost the first news which Secretary Taft heard on landing in New York was that the New York County Republican Committee had refused to endorse Governor Hughes for the Presidency. He would not however comment on the occurrence. Governor Hughes' friends in Washington are distressed over the refusal of the New York Committee and they perceive that a grave mistake has been made both by the Governor and by his friends in opposing the national policies of President Roosevelt and casting their repudiated flag at the President's methods. They now realize the fact that the vast majority of the Republican party stand for the policies of Theodore Roosevelt and that they will not support a candidate for the presidency who sneers at them, even in a veiled manner. An earnest effort is to be made to induce the Governor to retract his sneers and to make some public utterance in which he will endorse all of the Roosevelt policies. It is violating no confidence, however, to say that it is too late for Mr. Hughes to make his peace with the president. Mr. Hughes has cast his lot in with the New York Republicans, the men who hate Roosevelt because he has uncovered scandals and made Wall Street gambling, at least for the time, unprofitable. He has won the support of the Morgan newspaper and of the element which dominates sentiment in the Empire City, but unless there shall be a great "reactionary" movement in the Republican party, Governor Hughes has lost the confidence and support of the rank and file of the party. At least that is the general sentiment in Washington.

The President and Secretary Root, Postmaster General Meyer and Secretary Garfield are all deeply gratified at the withdrawal of Secretary Cortelyou from the Presidential race. His statement is taken as a signal to such a withdrawal and it is believed that his course will greatly simplify the situation. While the President has never taken the Cortelyou notion seriously, and while even many of the Secretary's own friends have appreciated that he would inevitably be regarded as the banker's candidate, some of his less discreet friends have sought to promulgate the entirely erroneous idea that he was the President's second choice. The President, however, has clearly indicated to his friends, that he has no second choice but is for Taft, first, last and all the time, and it was doubtless this action of the President which led Mr. Cortelyou to withdraw from the race.

Speaker Cannon has taken an action in his appointment of the House Committee which is certain to command itself to all business men. He has again reorganized the Committee on Banking and Currency, so that the power of Chairman Fowler, who is devoted to certain financial vagaries, is broken and the committee will hereafter be dominated by men of more conservative views. Entirely apart from the correctness, or the reverse, of Mr. Fowler's views, his course has for a number of years operated to prevent any financial legislation, although the need for it has been long recognized by the Republicans in Congress. The Senate is strongly opposed to a system of credit currency which is the soul and substance of the Fowler bill, but whenever an attempt to pass legislation has been made, Mr. Fowler has refused to consider anything but his own bill. Speaker Cannon holds the same opinions regarding the character of the legislation which should be enacted as do a majority of the Senate and his action this week paves the way for adequate legislation by the two houses of Congress, for a failure of which the Republican party would surely have been severely blamed.

Speaker Cannon's course in reorganizing the committee on Agriculture along lines calculated seriously to curtail the appropriations for the Department of Agriculture will not be as generally approved. Mr. Cannon has transferred Mr. Henry of Connecticut to another committee, because he was too friendly to the Department and has made Mr. Scott of Kansas, who is noted for his conservatism, the chairman. Incidentally, Mr. Cannon has told his new committee that he expects no provision for the Appalachian Forest Reserve, for the Agricultural educational scheme urged by the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and for the extension of the Bureau of Soils. Secretary Wilson is almost on the verge of tears over Speaker Cannon's action.

The President is doing everything possible for the army and navy in case of "pay bill." He sees that it is quite impossible to keep the army, especially, recruited up to even its peace strength as long as privates are paid only \$13 a month, and corporals, sergeants and others proportionately. Of course it is not urged that the soldiers should receive as much pay as civilians in the same walks of life, but the discrepancy between what they now receive and the prevailing wages in other occupations is too great to permit of anything like satisfactory recruiting.

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RIXEY EXPLAINS

Navy Friction Leads to Brownson's Resignation

CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY

As to Whether Medical Officer or Officer of the Line Should Be Assigned to Command Hospital Ship—Admiral Many Years in Service

Washington, Dec. 26.—That a serious breach exists between the bureau of navigation and the bureau of medicine of the navy, involving the question of the responsibility of the latter bureau, was made apparent in a statement issued by Surgeon General Rixey of the navy, in which he touches upon the circumstances leading up to the probable selection by the president of a medical officer to command the hospital ship Relief over the protest of Rear Admiral Brownson, chief of the bureau of navigation, who on Tuesday sent his resignation to the president. While disclaiming exact knowledge as to the cause of Brownson's resignation, Rixey's statement leaves little room for doubt that the controversy he reviews was a potent factor.

Surgeon General Rixey maintains that hospital ships, as a rule, always have been commanded by medical officers, with a smiling master and civilian crew for purposes of navigation. This particular vessel, he says, formerly belonged to the army and always was commanded by a medical officer when used as a hospital ship.

In attempting to unify the medical services of the army and navy, he says that a joint army and navy board of medical officers, which was convened by executive order more than a year ago, recommended that hospital ships should be commanded by medical officers, and that that recommendation was approved by both the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy in general orders.

Since the Civil war, Rixey says, all hospital ships and medical transports of the army had been placed under the surgeon general of the army. He says further that Japanese naval hospital ships were commanded by medical officers after having tried line officers. These ships, he says, are simply floating hospitals properly under the control of the medical department, and should be conducted in peace exactly as in time of war. This is especially so, he adds, because during war times line officers cannot be spared and do not, and should not, desire the command of these ships.

Rixey maintains that it has been always a doubtful question if the Geneva and The Hague agreements could guarantee the neutrality of these ships if combatant (line) officers and crews were aboard, and it was this doubt which prevented the Japanese during the recent war with Russia from using line officers on hospital ships.

"The internal administration of the bureau of medicine and surgery," he says, "has been, in my opinion, too much interfered with by the bureau of navigation. This interference has at times caused grave concern as to how I could meet the needs of those under our care."

"The hospital ship Relief," he said, "should now be with the battleship fleet on its cruise, but the bureau of navigation thought otherwise and the fleet with its auxiliaries is without a hospital ship and will be until it arrives at Magdalene Bay, more than three months from now." He adds that he cannot understand how Brownson should be specially interested in the officering of hospital ships, as his duties lie in another direction, and that he should not interfere in a matter pertaining to the bureau of medicine and surgery, and therefore to be decided by the secretary of the navy.

Admiral Brownson yesterday turned over the affairs of his office to Captain Winslow, who has been designated to take charge of its work. He then said goodbye to his late associates in the office and returned to his home.

Admiral Brownson declined to discuss the reasons which led up to his resignation. He made it manifest that any information bearing on the subject must come from those higher up in authority, to whom he referred all who asked him for news on the subject. He said it was with the greatest regret that he took leave of the navy department in an active capacity after forty-six years' service.

At the White House efforts to secure Brownson's letter of resignation or the reasons for his leaving the active service were met with the positive statement that nothing beyond the bare announcement of the admiral's resignation and the selection of his successor would be given out from that quarter either now or in the future.

Won't Accept O'Leary's Challenge New York, Dec. 24.—Edward P. Weston, who recently walked from Maine to Chicago, refuses absolutely to accept the challenge of Dan O'Leary. "He talks about walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours," said Weston. "Why, the only trick he is doing is to keep awake. A woman could do it."

Roosevelt Gave to Pine Knot Washington, Dec. 23.—President Roosevelt left for Pine Knot, Va., this morning, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt and Theodore, Jr. The president will remain at the cottage until next Tuesday, devoting much of his time to horseback riding in the Virginia hills.

Built First Iron Ship Boston, Dec. 27.—Harrison Loring, who started in 1857 one of the first, if not the first, plants in the United States for the building of iron steamships, died at his home in South Boston at the age of 85. He was operated on recently for appendicitis. Loring was born in Duxbury, Mass., and started machine and boiler shops in South Boston in 1857.

IN PRESENCE OF SONS

Doctor Kills His Wife as a Sequel to Family Troubles

Hyde Park, Mass., Dec. 26.—Dr. Walter R. Amesbury of Milford shot and instantly killed his wife, a teacher of music in Roanoke college, Duxbury, Va., and widely known as a singer, in the presence of his mother-in-law and two sons as the feinly were about to sit down to their Christmas dinner at the home of Mrs. Jennie Rees, mother of Mrs. Amesbury, in this town.

The shooting was the result of family troubles which have been going on for some time, as a result of which it is claimed that Mrs. Amesbury was intending to begin divorce proceedings.

Mrs. Amesbury came from Virginia to join her family for Christmas. Her husband came from Milford, where he has an office, and there were also present Walter R. Amesbury, Jr., and Mrs. R. Amesbury, who make their home with their grandmother, Mrs. Rees.

Dr. Amesbury shot twice with a .22 calibre revolver, and both shots took effect in the right breast of his wife, who dropped dead. Amesbury was arrested immediately after the shooting. He is 45 years of age.

Mrs. Amesbury was popular in music circles, possessing a fine voice. Her husband was looked upon as one somewhat jealous in disposition.

Seventy-Year-Old Couple Wed

Central Falls, R. I., Dec. 26.—Just as anxious to have the marriage knot tied as a couple in their teens, Henry McGann and Elizabeth M. Barnard entered the home of Rev. T. R. Peede and were made man and wife. Both gave their age as 70 years and their homes in Tilton, N. H. The groom stated that he was a widower and this was his third matrimonial venture. The bride's maiden name was Elizabeth M. Gell.

Woman Instantly Killed

Boston, Dec. 26.—Miss Lizzie Skinner, aged 30, was struck and killed by an automobile which it is claimed was running at a high rate of speed on Columbus avenue and instantly killed. Her companion, Robert K. Thompson, was also badly injured. The number of the automobile was secured, but the owner of the machine was not in the car and the identity of its driver at the time of the accident is in dispute.

Lynch For "Intention"

Marquez, Tex., Dec. 27.—Anderson Galloway, a negro youth, forced an entrance Wednesday night into the residence of W. J. Dean, a farmer, and made his way to the room usually occupied by Miss Buchanan, but on this night occupied by a neighbor's son. Last night he was taken from the jail and after making a confession of his intentions was hanged to a nearby tree by unknown persons.

Another Temperance City

Raleigh, Dec. 27.—By a majority of 515, Raleigh voted out its liquor dispensary and becomes a prohibition city. The dispensary closed at noon today. The dispensary has been in operation here for four years. The sales have amounted to about \$250,000 a year, with about \$75,000 profit. It reduced taxation, but the voters here felt sure that its influence was not for the city's best interest.

Diplomat, Headed Rebels

Washington, Dec. 27.—A telegram received at the state department from its representative in Quito, the Ecuadorian capital, is to the effect that an attempt at revolution there was quelled by the arrest of General Toral, formerly Ecuadorian minister to Great Britain, and twenty of his adherents, who were charged with attempting to overthrow the government.

Hoosiers With Fairbanks

Indianapolis, Dec. 27.—Resolutions were adopted unanimously at the annual "love feast" of Indiana Republicans urging the nomination of Vice President Fairbanks for the presidency. The resolutions were introduced by Governor Hanly, and were adopted with a round of cheers by the thousand and more active party workers of the state present.

Reprise For Youthful Murderer

Hartford, Dec. 26.—Governor Woodruff has granted a further reprieve until March 27 next to Pasquale Esposto of Greenwich, aged 19, who is under sentence of death and who was to have been hanged this week, having been adjudged guilty of the murder of his boarding house mistress. The governor's action followed a hearing held before him.

Feeling of Unrest About Ended

New York, Dec. 27.—Yesterday was the date of the expiration of most of the sixty-day withdrawal notices required by the savings banks at the height of the panic in October, but scarcely a depositor called for his money. The banks expected few demands, as they were convinced the feeling of financial unrest was practically over.

Hundred Bodies Yet in Mine

Jacob's Creek, Pa., Dec. 27.—A total of 124 bodies have been brought from the Dart mine. Preparations have been made to resume rescue work in the entry yet unexplored, and it is expected about 100 bodies will be found there. All the bodies recovered yesterday were decomposed and terribly mutilated.

Doctor Dies of Lockjaw

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Dr. Joseph P. Plesen, a department superintendent employed by a Chicago packing firm, died last night of lockjaw. Plesen fell down a stairway in the laboratory of the packing plant a week ago. The skin over the nose was broken and the wound became infected with tetanus germs.

Fine and Fair For Autos

Boston, Dec. 27.—George M. Webster, an automobile dealer of Boston, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter in causing the death of Warren Batchelder of Cambridge by hitting him with his automobile, was sentenced in the superior court of Cambridge to pay a fine of \$1000 and spend three months in the house of correction.

"DOPELAND" VISIT

Minister Gets In Touch With Dregs of Humanity

DELIVERS "SERMONETTE"

Thieves, Ex-Convicts and Fallen Women In Chicago West Side Told Not to Hesitate to Go to Church For Help When in Need of It

Chicago, Dec. 26.—Dean Walter T. Sumner of the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul cut the girdle knot of the West Side "vice problem" in one of the shortest sermons ever preached.

The scene was Levinsky's saloon, Green and Lake streets. In the room adjoining the bar were gathered the dregs of the Peoria street "Jungle." Thieves, ex-convicts and ne'er-do-wells formed a good proportion of the crowd. It is a place of many battles with the police and may be taken as the heart of the great West Side "dope land."

There was scuffling as the minister entered the saloon and stood in the midst of the throng. Two detectives stood beside him, which may account for the quick disappearances to cellar and street. The bartender heard the shuffle and ran to the spot, wiping his hands in readiness for a fight.

"I've just come in to wish these girls a merry Christmas," said Sumner, smilingly, reaching out to shake hands with the bartender.

"Wish you the same, sir," said the bartender.

The thob stated. The contrast between the surroundings and this clean-cut young clergymen with the kid was strong.

"I have not come to preach to you," said the deacon. "I just want to tell you that we are your friends and if any of you need help come to us. The church is ready to help you. We are sorry you are here and presume you are, too, especially tonight, but here you are, and so when you are ready to come to us for help of any kind do not hesitate. I have brought each of you a Christmas card which I want you to hang up and keep."

With this a detective brought forth a handful of Christmas cards and passed them around. On each was the address of the church and the invitation to come when in trouble.

From here the little party went to other such places in the district, visiting in all more than 200 women. For each there was the same invitation.

Two Men Killed by Falls

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 26.—Michael J. Kiernan, 31, was instantly killed last night by falling down stairs at his home. His neck was broken. He was a laborer and unmarried.

Whitinsville, Mass., Dec. 26.—Daniel Dunn, aged 45, was fatally injured by falling down stairs at his boarding house, dying two hours afterward. Dunn tripped over his shoe laces, which were untied, and received concussion of the brain. He was employed as a teamster.

Goldfield Appeals Unheeded

Washington, Dec. 23.—It is stated at the White House that telegraphic appeals sent by civic bodies, mineowners and individuals of Goldfield, Nev., to President Roosevelt, urging on him the necessity of retaining a portion of the federal troops in Goldfield indefinitely, have been received, but that no action had been decided upon. The order for the withdrawal of the federal troops at Goldfield on Dec. 20 was forwarded yesterday.

Acquitted After Long Trial

Washington, Dec. 24.—A verdict of not guilty was returned by the jury in the case of the train crew of four who were indicted for manslaughter following the train wreck at Terra Cotta, D. C., in which forty-three persons were killed and upward of three score injured. The trial had been in progress for three weeks and the verdict was reached after four hours' deliberation.

Stricken in Church Choir

Southampton, Conn., Dec. 23.—Henry A. Rosenthal, aged 47, for many years tenor singer in the choir of the First Congregational church, remained in his seat at the church yesterday when the rest of the choir rose for the anthem. He showed no sign of consciousness, was removed to his home and died shortly afterwards. He had suffered a stroke of apoplexy.

Woman Burned to Death

Full River, Mass., Dec. 26.—Mrs. Bridget Mack, aged 60, was fatally burned, and her daughter, Miss Mary Mack, received severe burns in trying to rescue her. Miss Mack will probably recover. A tiny bit of brimstone, set fire to Mrs. Mack's clothing. She died a few hours later.

Fifth Fire in Toulon Arsenal

Toulon, Dec. 24.—For the fifth time in two years fire broke out last night in the southern section of the arsenal, completely destroying the naval spirit stores, despite the efforts of the firemen and troops, many of whom were injured. A number of vats exploded and flames from the spirits shot up to a great height.

Body Turned to Stone

Hagerstown, Md., Dec. 26.—When workmen disinterred the body of Mrs. Sarah Gels in the Mean's cemetery, at Ruggold, this county, for removal to Waynesboro, they found it turned to stone.

Supposed Blank Hands Punished

Pittsburg, Dec. 26.—Seventeen Italians arrested and alleged to be members of the Black Hand society were given hearings before Magistrate Brady and sentenced to the workhouse for from 30 to 90 days or fined amounts ranging from \$10 to \$100 each. From the men arrested all manner of vicious weapons were secured, including many firearms and sabers.

SAYS CITY WAS "SOAKED"

Remarks by Mayor of Boston After a Grand Jury Visit

Boston, Dec. 27.—"In the Codman street land transaction the city was soaked."

"In the flagstone contracts with the Maher Bros. the city was fooled, if that is a mild enough way to put it."

"Bernard Rothwell was a member of the pumper institutions commission and while a member it is alleged that his firm sold flour to the city. That, I understand, is against the law."

These startling statements were made to reporters last evening by Mayor Fitzgerald, after he had been on the witness stand in the grand jury room for nearly four hours. Mayor Fitzgerald, who has the distinction of being the first mayor of Boston to appear before the grand jury as a witness in alleged city graft cases, was subjected to a severe examination by District Attorney Moran.

The grand jury session of yesterday was undoubtedly the most remarkable during the regime of Moran, and as those who participated in the proceedings are sworn to secrecy the developments will never become known unless indictments are returned and prosecuted in open court.

It was a Moran and Fitz day, and for hours the two men, each arch enemy of the other, faced each other and engaged in a wordy battle.

Flames Overtook Old People

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 27.—Jacob Ridley, 90, and his wife, Martha, 75, were rescued from almost certain death by fire in their home by Patrolman McLaughlin. They were terribly burned and may not recover from their injuries. The old man who is a total invalid, was strapped in a chair and unable to move from the path of the flames. His wife started for the door but was overcome and fell.

Death of Admiral Abbot

Warren, R. I., Dec. 27.—Admiral Charles W. Abbot, retired, died at his home here last night of pneumonia, aged 78. He was born in this town and early became identified with the United States navy, accompanying Commodore Perry on his expedition to Japan in 1853-54 as clerk to his father, Commodore Joel Abbot. He was officially retired with the rank of rear admiral in 1904.

No Ad as a Violinist

Boston, Dec. 27.—Carl Melsel, a master of the violin, widely known as a soloist and teacher of the violin in many parts of the country and one of the original members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, died at his home in this city of heart failure, aged 80. He was born in Germany and came to Boston when he was 23 years old. He married a Boston woman, who survives him.

Left Chardrons in the Lurch

Wallingford, Conn., Dec. 27.—The police arrested Aleck Baronensky, who is said to be wanted in Buffalo in connection with a \$600 larceny, a bench warrant having been issued for him there. Baronensky conducted a shoe store here last winter, but closed the place and later, after he had filed a petition in bankruptcy, disappeared from the state, his creditors getting nothing.

Failure Due to Potatoes

Portland, Me., Dec. 27.—Charles B. Robinson of the firm of C. B. & F. C. Robinson, lumber dealers and starch makers at Blaine and Portage Lake, filed a petition in bankruptcy, showing liabilities of \$150,559, of which \$121,911 is unsecured. The reason assigned for the bankruptcy is the failure of the potato crop and the unusual stringency of the money market.

With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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could be saved in a single year, if each individual in the United States saved \$1.00 per month, for twelve months. This seems a very large amount of money, but it shows what regular and persistent saving will do. Why not determine to save more money during the coming year than you have during the past? An

Facing Death At Sea.

A Sailor Lad's Story of How the Olympia Came through a Typhoon.
From "Three Years Behind the Gun" to December St. Nicholas.

The captain, who was omnipresent, seemed always there, eyes fixed on the binnacle, signaling orders that could not be heard. Then Quartermaster Swift would leave his side, and, with lantern tucked inside his coat, struggle forth to hold the reel, often returning to report that instead of making 200 miles a day, we made more than one day made but a single mile.

It was not a wash of waves. Great, ugly, green seas would pile up and stand like mountains. Then the demou wind, with a cutlass between his teeth, would cut the crest clean away, and hurl tons and tons of water upon us; and when their repeated assaults were loosening the anchor chains on the cat-heads, we were obliged to go with rope lashings to doubly secure them. In doing this we lay at times buried under tons of water, and when we came out we could not speak for the noise of the tempest.

Well all this was going on we were given extra instruction in the order to "Abandon ship." Each division comprises forty-four men and two officers, divided into two watches. Lieutenant and Midshipman Todd were in charge of my division, and they went from man to man, screaming their orders into our ears. We already knew our places and what to do, but the general plan for the emergency was explained again to each. Should the moment arrive when the fires could no longer be controlled, we were to go as a fleet.

We have launches, boats, dugouts and catamarans sufficient to carry every man in the crew. The sailing launch, with its tall mast to carry signals, would have taken the lead as flagship. She was already equipped with charts, one to be given to the officer of each of the other boats, in the event of being buffeted.

How I would I could write something that would convey just an idea of a typhoon—what it was like, and how we fell. Four hundred and forty-four human lives were imperiled and not a man whimpered.

From fighting the fire we would joyously go for a trick at the wheel—although it was a tug that called for strength nearly superhuman. I recall a night so dark that the darkness could almost be felt. The frenzied wind blowing off the crest of black seas was hurling them with terrific force, and they were meeting with biting brine as I stood in the foretop listening for the strike of the bell. My ear was glued to the speaking-tube, yet the shout from the bridge came to me to the subtest of whispers: "What's the matter afloat?" and I screamed back, "Can't hear the bell, sir. A-l-l's well?" Oh, the winds, the winds, the winds!

Again, I stood on the signal yard, but it was day. They screamed and roared, and yelled, drowning every other sound. Like boys creating new noises by breathing across the mouths of empty bottles, they cut across the smokestacks and mounted into their enormous tubes. Then, exhausted by their fury, they flagged and soughed through the rigging, quickening every now and again into a whirr-r-r and a roar-a-ratting that swelled into melody such as no mortal harp has ever played; then, blending into a single note, a deep monotone struck most and yards, rising and falling, rising and falling, like the blue ocean in a calm.

It brought him to my weariness, and, looking down the slim mast, I discovered that the ship was gone; I saw only the rushing, surging waters engulfing the decks, and from my excited height I felt like a bird of the greenwood blown out to sea.

Lieut. Buchanan told me one night, when we were buffeted against one another on the bridge, that I should never meet another blow like this, and men are wondering how the ship ever lived through it; but I think I know.

The flagship is a thing alive. It has its parts and being. We have heard it breathe, and who will question that in Capt. Reed it has both brain and soul?

Who has not watched the Reaper who called Death shake his sickle in men's faces, when many would lie down and die, while one, like a panther at bay, would fight him off and live on?

That is why, like a stormy petrel, the Olympia rode through the typhoon.

Carrots.

"Carrots are such coarse food—only fit for horses!" a young lady remarked superciliously once upon a time. Later on, noticing the remarkably clear and beautiful complexion one of her girl friends—who had not previously been noted for her fair skin—had obtained, she piled her with brisk questions as to the skin food she had used.

"I am almost afraid to tell you—it is so very simple," her friend replied, laughingly. "I have used up skin food or beauty soup; nothing at all but a daily diet of carrots!"

"Carrots!" exclaimed the other disapprovingly. "How in the world?"

She broke off to stare again, half enviously, at her friend's clear and brilliant complexion.

"Oh, it's very easy—not at all difficult," said the peach-skinned maiden. "Eat a tablespoon of raw grated carrot when you first rise every morning, and then at noon before lunch or dinner, and a third before your evening meal. If you like, take another just before retiring; but three will do the work quite satisfactorily. You may eat it without grating if you prefer, but as it is rather a tiresome food to mince, it is better to have it grated. It will digest more easily than, too, as there will be no lump swallowed."

"Is it difficult to digest?" asked the anxious young lady.

"Indeed, no. On the contrary, the peccadillo it contains acts upon the other foods, causing them to dissolve, and thereby promoting digestion." Upon this, the young lady who had previously despised the lowly carrot, departed with a much more exalted opinion of its merits.

A frequent use of carrots as a food will undoubtedly prove a more unfailing "beauty doctor" than many of the high-priced skin specialists. Clear and bright eyes, soft, shiny hair, and pure rose-tinted complexion, will in normal health usually follow a liberal use of them.—Henn.

Not His Fault.

A first grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks, and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten.

"How's this, son?" asked his father. "Teacher's fault?" replied the boy.

"How is it teacher's fault?"

"She moved the little boy that sat next to me."—Lippincott.

Bruin and the City Maid.

The green mountains and in the full verdure of the summer, cast their cool shadows deep on the field of meadow and hill. Langdon crossroad stretched its grey brown shadows between the shifting bushes on either forest covered hill.

Along the brush fence grew luxuriant wild blackberry bushes, heavy laden now with juicy clusters of ripe, delicious fruit, for it was the month of August.

Away at the end of the dusty road stood the Langdon farm house in the midst of broad, green fields, now lying in the sun.

It was toward four o'clock of a sultry day. The family of Langdon were gathered on the broad veranda on the side of the house least exposed to the heat and most exposed to the breeze. The men had forsaken the fields to seek relief from the oppressive atmosphere. Nellie, a sixteen-year-old city cousin, sat on the steps in cool array of dusty muslin and muslin lace. Elsie, called Light, since his baby lips first kissed the wad in trying to pronounce his own name, tall, stalwart twenty-six years old and head over heels in love with the touch of femininity on the steps, repose in an armchair, his blue eyes swayed in a handkerchief, and his brother heavy foot a recent cold. Willie, seventeen, and in cordial, swing in a hammock. Mrs. Langdon, their mother, knitted placidly, close by.

"Cousin Nellie," said Light, "I saw some elegant blackberries over on the crossroad yesterday."

Nellie sprang up, clapping her hands joyously. "I'm going to pick some for tea," she said.

Willie lazily turned his swinging seat and drawled:

"Jim Butler said he saw bear tracks in the woods over there."

"Hush!" said his mother, "you know there was no such thing there."

"Jim said so anyway," repeated Willie.

"Is there danger, Light?" questioned Nellie somewhat perturbed.

"Not a bit," answered Mrs. Langdon for him, "but you mustn't go blackberrying in that dress. Put on stout shoes and a sleek dress. Willie, you had better go with her."

"C'mon, too, too, too. Besides I'm afraid of bears," drawled that enterprising youth.

"I don't want you," flushed Nellie. "I'd much rather go alone," and with a look of disdain in the direction of the hammock she waded indoors.

Putting up his shirt and donning a sun bonnet she took a bright new fan from the shelf in the kitchen and walked briskly to the cross-road, where she was soon busily engaged in transferring the big black beauties from bush to paunching of heat or scalds.

Quickly raised her head, she saw that the wood in shadow rapidly deepening. Could it be night, she wondered, with a thrill of fear. Suddenly her feet upon her ear a distant roar, and, shortly after, a crackling in the under-bush and a dark figure coming toward her through the ground. "Willie's bear!" frantic with fear, she dropped her fan and turned to flee, unheeding that she was going away from the house instead of towards it.

And follow after came the dark figure, now gaining in evident endeavor to overtake her. On she went, stumbling over sticks and stones, her heart pounding as if it set itself free, her breath coming shorter and shorter, her sight growing dim. Once she seemed to hear a voice in the distance calling to her but she dared not stop to look behind her. On, on, just that terrible something seize her from behind. At last she stopped into a hole left by an uprooted tree and fell forward in a swoon.

At the time, Nellie's excursion after berries was forgotten for an hour, then as dark thunder clouds began to roll up around the horizon. Light started up.

"Did Nellie go?" he queried. "If she did she's sure to get wet. Give her rubbers and a wrap and I will go after her."

His mother eagerly sought the articles requested, and laden with these Light started forth followed by Willie's steps.

"Au, come back, Light. Rain won't hurt her, she isn't sugar if you do think she's sweet. She won't melt."

Light made him no reply but went on his way; the only result of his brother's bunting being that his cheeks were very red.

It had darkened perceptibly when he came in sight of the little figure he was in search of and the thunder rumbled menacingly. Suddenly a twig snapped beneath his feet and he saw Nellie turn a white face one moment toward him and then his headlong in the opposite direction, stumbling over sticks and stones to frantic terror.

Light endeavored to shout her name but his coarse voice only augmented her speed.

In a flash the truth burst upon him, and, breathing anathemas on his favorite brother and his own obstructed vocal organs, he started in pursuit.

When Nellie opened her eyes it was to look up into the face of her cousin. That face had been very near her face within the last few moments, and was as white and scared as her own.

As memory returned she clung to him in panic. "The bear, where is he?" she questioned.

"There is no bear," Light answered.

"It was I coming to help you home, and I, with Willie's help, have nearly killed you. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive me for being so silly, but—

"Oh, Light, I'm frightened yet," cried Nellie, nestling against the broad shoulders so near her. What more was said you and I will not stay to listen to, for to other ears than those turned to hear it the words might have but little sense; but when the rain began to fall two apparently perfectly happy human beings walked together toward the farthings oblivious of rain or night but each other. "There's nothing like it so sweet in life as love's young dream."

When they arrived home Mrs. Langdon fell upon them in fear lest both had taken a death cold, "and you so horrid now that you can hardly speak," she said to Light.

Willie surveyed the couple for a minute and then laughed long and loud at the success of his joke and the be-drenched figures before him.

"Don't worry about them a minute, mother. They won't take cold. They don't even know it's been raining. Sure case of mind cure or heart cure. We'll dance at a wedding by New Year."

And they did, but somewhere on the journey of life there is a trap set for Willie, and Light and Nellie will greatly rejoice when he puts his foot therein.

Helen Hunt.

A Better Way.

A Plea for a More Cheerful View of Existing Conditions in America.

From an Editorial in the December Century.

Why should not good citizens give their anxious and fretted world a few occasional vacations, not by means of self-indulgence, but through the pleasant contemplation of virtue instead of the depressing contemplation of vice?

There is no doubt that, while it is absolutely necessary to expose evils in order to cure them and bring about better conditions, there is something morally depressing in reading continually the gory record of exposures. There is no danger, too, that suggestion of evil conduct may come from fixing one's mind too intently upon the evil—a danger which the psychologists give us warning.

A few months ago there was a general outcry about the condition of New York City. There was an Astute under there that had nothing whatever to do with local habits and conditions.

There were many distressing incidents with regard to young girls. The reverberations from these incidents were world-wide.

One might think that the metropolis was given over to crime, and that Justice had utterly failed there. And yet, whatever the faults that exist, it is doubtful if for generations the administration of criminal justice has been on a higher plane, if on one so high, as it is now in New York. There are many things that should be made better, that will be made better, in this connection; but, for instance, the police department is under the control of an official of perfect honesty and great industry. Though the police "graff" is not the thing only of the past, under the present commissioner has been accomplished what a very few years ago was thought to be impossible—namely, the passage at Albany of laws giving the commissioner actual as well as nominal control of the force.

In the district attorney's highly important office there is a man of absolute integrity and unusual ability and strength, owing nothing to any political organization, and under him is a force of assistants constituting one of the most exceptional groups of young men ever associated in any branch of our public service. Again, the public magistracy, while not in every case what it might be, is mainly on a high level of intelligence and integrity, and it has been made more efficient lately by the establishment of a night court.

Something might be said, and has been said, in disparagement of the ability of some of the judges of the criminal courts, while others are undoubtedly able and well-trained men, and there are no scandalous characters among them.

Our contention is that while we must expose evils and reform abuses, it will tend toward encouragement in the work if we occasionally congratulate ourselves on the good that is being done in the various departments of life and society. Let us turn our attention at times—and why not at Christmastime?—away from the rascals, and gaze upon the angels. There was an old colored washerwoman, long passed to her reward, who used to be a great comfort to us. Her character was so fine that the contemplation of it eased the mind after the strain of running against certain selfish and wicked persons.

"No one can do a favor-mortal greater kindness than in helping to stow his mind with instances of public or private goodness." We heard the other day of a group of poor people, mechanics and others, who out of their earnings saved enough money to buy a piano for a girl, who had to go on crutches.

There is a fine engine built by the prince of Wales, and a flagstaff made by the duke of Connaught, as well as the tools which were used, also a wagon built by the late duke of Edinburgh.

The most modern is the lately added dragon kite, the m stork-work of Prince Henry of Wales, the king's grandson, who is now 83 years old.

Altogether there are about five hundred articles representing the English royal family history for some seventy years, and only a few are of costly material and workmanship.

Among these is a silver model of the Paris exhibition, presented by the Empress Frederick of Germany to her niece, the Princess Victoria, on her tenth birthday, July 6, 1876.—N. Y. Sun.

A King's Collection of Toys.

The annual toy exhibition in Europe leads to the revelation that King Edward has had organized in Buckingham palace a toy display which has the unusual quality that every article in it was either used or made by royal hands. This collection is in the own old-time playground, and a star exhibit is the veteran rocking horse, Jupiter, which his father, the prince consort, provided for him when he was only five years old. It is now and then a study disheveled, and its glass eyes lack lustre; it is spanned and founders, but it is said that the king regards it with great affection. That little prince are not very different from other children may be inferred from the fact that the king's initials, A. E. (Albert Edward), are still to be seen in one of the rockers, where he sat them deep with his first penknife.

A more singular toy, though it has hardly proved outlandish, is an eight-inch model in bronze of the first English breech-loading cannon, the Armstrong gun. It is a practical working model, and it is reported that around the age of ten years the then Prince of Wales used often to fire it under the tutelage of a veteran sergeant of artillery. As it carried a good-sized bullet a considerable distance a special section of the park was fitted up for its field practice.

Another notable toy is a model schooner made from keel to yard by William IV, the sailor king, who preceded Victoria on the throne. It is only a foot long, but it is a remarkable neat and perfect specimen of sailing-workmanship. The king's brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, later of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the present Prince of Wales, both destined for the navy, are said to have used it as a plaything.

A very interesting exhibit is the favorite doll of Queen Alexandra, constituted by her father, the late King of Denmark, when he heard the collection was being prepared. It is a very stout and stoutly dolly, dressed in quite middle-aged style, but very richly in white silks and brocades. The legend is that the queen cut out every garment herself and sewed every stitch in them.

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Is This a Canal Era?

Many Projects for Inland Waterways in This Country.

Never before in the history of the United States, says America's Industries, has there been such activity, both by the Federal Government and the individual States, as well as by private corporations, in the development of waterways.

The country is entering upon an era of canals never before equalled in either hemisphere, the effects being felt in California and from Minnesota to Texas, Louisiana and Florida.

The chief cause for the general interest in the development of the nation's coastwise and interior waterways was the freight congestion of last winter.

The President has recommended the proposed waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf; Florida has let the contract for a canal from Jacksonville to Key West, a distance of 500 miles.

There has been a convention in the interest of the proposed inland waterway from Cape Cod to Jacksonville, and several other inland canals have been surveyed.

The Cape Cod Canal, the first link in the inland route from Boston to Key West, has been begun. Few people have any conception of the magnitude of the traffic around Cape Cod; but some idea can be obtained from an inspection of the United States Government lighthouse figures. These statistics show that in one year, that which ended on March 31, 1890, and whose record was about an average one, more

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Mailed letters or briefs are consistent with economy. 3. Write on one side of the paper only. 4. Answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters from the contributors, to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1907.

NOTES.

ARNOLD.

Copy of Abstract Made from The Records of Middletown, Conn.

Ebenezer Arnold (as he says) was born Sept. 26, 1727. Married Anna Miller Sept. 27, 1758.

Anna, daughter, born Sept. 13, 1754. Edith, born July 31, 1756.

Murtha, born May 26, 1759.

Jemima, born March 13, 1760.

Rebekah, born Feb. 25, 1762.

Sarah, born Feb. 2, 1764.

Ebenezer, born May 15, 1766.

Alice, born Apr. 4, 1768.

Joshua, born July 10, 1770.

John, born May 19, 1772.

John, died Dec. 23, 1773.

Hannah Buckley, born May 29, 1774.

Hannah Buckley died Oct. 13, 1775.

The Clerk adds the following note:

"Ebenezer Arnold, Senior, died Nov. 20, 1758. This was the father of Ebenezer Arnold, whose son Joshua was born July 10, 1758."

June 17, 1762, Joshua Arnold of Norwich for the consideration of 8 pounds from his brother Ebenezer Arnold of Middletown, deeds 3 acres of land in Middletown which did belong to his sister Edith late of said Middletown, deceased. It states in this deed that his mother was Edith Arnold of said Middletown and that he had a sister Martha and a sister Rebecca.—E. L. A.

QUERIES.

6562. BURLINGAME—Jonathan Burlingame was b. 1702-3, d. at Cranston, R. I., 1778. Can you tell me the name of his wife who died before him? Their children were: Eliza, Christopher, Charles, Benjamin, Jeremiah, Paffence and (possibly) Mary.—M. E. W.

6563. WOOD—Ancestry desired of Nathaniel Wood who went from Norwich, Conn., to Rutland Co., Vt., about the time of the Rev. War. His wife's name was Miriam.—He had five sons and two daughters. His youngest daughter Hannah married 1785 Rev. Ichabod Hubbard of Poultney, Vt. Ichabod Hubbard was chaplain in Col. Herrick's regiment, Reuben Wood, Governor of Ohio, 1861, was grandson of Nathaniel Wood, Sr.—M. A. H.

6564. WARD—Benjamin Ward, of Mount Desert Island, Maine, was born Dec. 1764; married June 17, 1789, Sarah Richardson, daughter of Thomas and Margaret (Gott) Richardson. He died at South-west Harbor, Me., 1849. Who were his ancestors?—L. A. N.

6565. WATERHOUSE—James Waterhouse, probably of Maine (whose ancestors were said to have come from Middletown, Conn.), married Sarah Ward, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah (Richardson) Ward, about 1819. She was his second wife. He was a sea captain and was lost at sea before 1830. Who were his ancestors?—L. A. N.

6566. WILLIAMS—Walter Williams of Hampton Falls, N. H., (son of Edward and Mary (Swaine) Williams of Hampton, N. H.), and his second wife, Mrs. Mary Hilliard, who was married in 1797, had two sons: Chase born 1749 and Walter born 1755. Which of these sons was father (also name of mother) of Walter Williams who married Abigail Marshall in Hampton Falls May 27, 1795?—L. A. N.

6567. CRAN—Information desired of the father of Samuel Cram b. March 12, 1782, in New Salisbury, N. H. His father was in Rev. service, but his name or that of his wife I do not know.—M. L. R.

ANSWERS.

6228. RIDER—Prudence (Vans) Rider, a widow, daughter of John and Martha (Saunders) Vans, married Daniel (6) (Benjamin), (4) Isaac (3), John (2), John (1) Peckham; born 1763, Feb. 20, died 1852, April 20. They lived in Newport, R. I.

1. Rowland, b. 1769, Oct. d. 1879, Sept. 21; m. (1) Susan Chapman, (2) 5 children.

2. Ruth, b. 1792, July 16, d. 1870, Mar. 11; m. Adam Burdick. Lived in Newport.

3. Henrietta, b. 1795, Mar. 12, d. —; m. Nicholas Alger. Has a daughter, Mrs. Ann Eliza Brainer. Lives in Providence.

4. Oliver, b. 1797, June 9, d. 1861, June 30; m. Eliza Dixie b. 1799, d. 1858, Mar. 6, of Ledlow and Alice.

5. Eliza, b. 1800, June 4, d. —; unmarried.

6. Martha, b. 1805, Sept. 3, d. —; m. John G. Allman.—S. F. P.

6229. CLARKE—Elizabeth Clarke, daughter of Lawrence of Newport, b. 1747, May 31, d. —; m. Richard (5) (Benjamin) (4) Isaac (3), John (2), John (1) Peckham; b. 1747, Aug. 22, d. —.

Children: Isaac, Barbara, Arnold, Benjamin, Martha, Mary G., Clement, Daniel, Henry, Richard.

6230. CARD—Elizabeth Card, b. 1769, d. 1816, Mar. 11, m. Rev. Benjamin (5) (Benjamin) (4) Isaac (3), John (2), John (1) Peckham; b. 1768, May 12, d. 1836, Mar. 18, (Int. wife), 2nd, wife, Ruth (Card) Babcock; a widow, probably his first wife's sister, b. 1767, d. 1811, Oct. 6.

No children.—S. F. P.

6948. PECKHAM—Freelove Peck.

Westbrook, Me., and (probably) in

ham, who married Jonathan Lawton, Dec. 10, 1741, was the daughter of Samuel (8), (William) (2), John (1) and Elizabeth (9) Weeden, born May 1, 1725, Dec. 30.—S. F. P.

6551. PECKHAM—Lieut. Joseph Peckham married 1778, Jan. 21, Anna, Burdick of David.—S. F. P.

6550. CORNELL—Gideon Cornell, b. July 6, 1710, d. 1770, son of Thomas (4) (Thomas) (3), Thomas (2), Thomas (1), Cornell and Martha Fifeborn, married Rebecca Vaughan, Feb. 22, 1732, and had 2 children, Gideon and Rebecca. The latter married Col. Clement Biddle of Philadelphia, and in a letter dated 1822, stated that she was her father's only child at the time of his death, and that her brother died at the age of nine months. (See Cornell Genealogy.) This eliminates these two Gideons. I wish I could throw some light. I wish some one could enlighten me as to the ancestry of Gideon Cornell who married Rebecca Childs; Gideon Cornell who married Amey Clarke; Gideon Cornell who married Rebecca Hunt, and a number of other Gideon Cornells.—J. C.

6552. WEEDEN—If R. P. will write to Eugene F. Weeden, 29 Maple street, Somersworth, N. H., who has been collecting, for sixteen years, the records and traditions of the Weeden family in America, he can obtain the information desired.—E. F. W.

6553. SWEER, CONCINO—In "The Owl" for March 1901, we find that Sylvester Sweet, youngest son of James and Mary (Greene) Sweet was born March 1, 1674, married Sarah Tew, daughter of Deputy Governor Tew of Rhode Island, and had at least one son, Sylvester, born 1679; also that James (son of James of Prudence Island) and Sarah (Stephenson) Sweet had a son Sylvester born Jan. 23, 1725, married first Oct. 7, 1749, Wait Brown; married second Aug. 14, 1757, Mary Johnson, and had a son Sylvester, born 10-1762.—E. F. W.

6554. TIVERTON:

Mrs. Caroline L. King, wife of Capt. Henry King, died at Tiverton Tuesday, aged 87 years. Mrs. King was born in Tiverton near where she had resided since married Capt. King, nearly 61 years ago. She was a daughter of the late John and Betsey Manchester.

Three daughters were born to Capt. King, one of whom, Emma, died in 1891. The others, Miss Amanda F. King and Caroline A., wife of Theodore Howard, with her husband and one brother, Hon. Andrew H. Manchester, survive her. Mrs. King was of strong character and possessed qualities which endeared her to a large number of friends. For many years she was a member of the Tiverton Four Corner Congregational Church. The funeral will be held at noon to-morrow.

6555. A MERRY CHRISTMAS

6 x Thousand Jackies Spent Day Ashore at Port of Spain

Port of Spain, Dec. 26.—The holiday spirit pervaded the American fleet yesterday, but it was more like the celebration of the Fourth of July than that of the Christmas the men had known in colder climes. Wreaths of holly and evergreens were swinging that had been brought along to keep alive the remembrances of the day. There were special dinners in the mess rooms for the officers, and turkey and other good things for the men.

It was not given to the men of the torpedo boat flotilla to spend Christmas ashore, for in the early morning they steamed away for Pana, a five days' journey.

Had no accident happened to two of the little vessels, they would have reached Pana on Friday, but though the accidents were of a minor nature, it was deemed better to make the repairs at this port.

Not less than 6000 of the bluejackets were allowed on shore yesterday and they entered into the spirit of merrymaking with the townspeople. This beautiful old Spanish town is at present looking its best, and Christmas, with its warm sunshine, was greatly enlivened by the thousands of holiday visitors.

The feature of the festivities was a regatta in which many of the battleships had crews. There were plenty of exciting finishes and enthusiasm ran high.

As yet the battleships have not finished coaling, for work was suspended yesterday, but today it was resumed with energy and it is expected that all the bunkers will be well supplied long before the date of sailing has arrived.

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6948. PECKHAM—Freelove Peck.

Westbrook, Me., and (probably) in

Election of Officers.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias.

Chancellor-Commander—J. W. Schwartz.

Vice-Chancellor—F. A. G. Stuart.

Protector—William L. Scott.

Master of Work—James H. Hump, Jr.

Keeper of Records and Seal—Robert S. Franklin.

Master of Finance—J. C. Waln.

Master of Exchequer—Everett L. Gorton.

Master of War—R. Kent.

Outer Guard—J. G. Springer.

Trustees—William H. Langley, J. G. Springer, Everett L. Gorton.

John T. Delano, Jr.

Trustees—John T. Delano, Gustavus Stimpson, Samuel Speer.

Wernal Shasset Tribe, No. 6, Improved Order of Red Men.

Secretary—William J. Carr.

Senior Signer—John H. Scott.

Junior Signer—Charles F. Childs.

Prophet—Joseph Brown.

Keeper of Watchpint—Robert H. McIntosh.

Collector of Wampum—Harry M. Peabody.

Trustee for Three Years—Richard B. Scott.

Libbe Congdon, Orange, Patrons of Husbands.

Master—George Harlan Shatto.

Warden—Nelson Woldert.

Deacon—William A. Brown.

Assistant Warden—Stephen Wilbour.

Chaplain—Rebecca Tripp.

Secretary—Mabel L. W. Carton.

Gate-keeper—Alexander S. Carton.

Deacon—Anton J. Dyer.

Deacon—Richard A. Peckham.

Plan—Louis Sherman.

Lady Assistant Warden—Beatrice M. Kelly.

The Installation of officers will occur

Wednesday, January 1.

\$2,000.00—Trinity College